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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its thirty-second year. It is the only newspaper in the United States published in the English language. It is a large, up-to-date, and reliable source of information. It is published every day except on Sundays and public holidays. It is sold at the rate of \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies are sold at 10 cents. Extra copies can be obtained at the office of publication. It is the only newspaper in the city that is published every day except on Sundays and public holidays. It is sold at the rate of \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies are sold at 10 cents. Extra copies can be obtained at the office of publication.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROBERT WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Albert B. Williams, President; John H. Williams, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 11, Knights of Maccabees—Robert D. Williams, President; John H. Williams, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

JOHN WATSON, No. 1070, Foresters of America—John Watson, President; John Watson, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—John H. Williams, President; John H. Williams, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—Mrs. B. C. Williams, President; John H. Williams, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION, No. 3—Mrs. B. C. Williams, President; John H. Williams, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

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Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was a rather long one, considerable business of more or less importance coming up for consideration. Most of the matters were disposed of in a satisfactory manner before the session was finished but some were left open for further consideration.

The regular weekly bills and payrolls were approved and ordered paid. The petition of John D. Richardson for the remission of certain taxes was referred to the board of assessors. A resolution was passed creating a commission to look into the matter of abandoning a strip of land in the rear of Morton Park, the members of the commission being appointed as follows: James S. Cowles, Eugene G. O'Neill, and James J. Rooney.

A petition was presented asking permission for the rails of the Old Colony Street Railway Company to be raised across Thames street to Commercial wharf in order that a freight station might be used on the wharf. After some discussion, during which Superintendent Hisee showed plans of the cars to be used in handling freight, the consideration of the matter was postponed until Monday evening. In connection with this subject the matter of issuing transfers between the two railways in Newport was brought up and Mayor Boyle and Alderman Cottrell were appointed a committee to look into the matter.

A number of different kinds of licenses were granted and a few were refused. The Aquidneck National Bank of Newport was the lowest bidder for discounting the city's note for \$30,000 in anticipation of taxes, a number of Boston bankers also being among the bidders. The matter of alterations to the Newport Opera House was brought up, and Judge Burke appeared for the owners. He said that certain changes had already been made and asked for an extension of time for the remaining changes. This was granted, the date being fixed at August 1st.

The committee that was appointed to consider the quality of gravel furnished by Mr. Dugan on his contract with the city reported that they had made an investigation and found the gravel was good. The street commissioner took exception to their report.

Mrs. G. B. Perry of Boston was in Newport the past week inspecting her summer residence in Middletown.

Dr. and Mrs. Rufus E. Dargah have been to New York the past week.

Representative Council.

Although there was at first not a quorum present at the special session of the representative council on Tuesday evening, after a short wait a sufficient number of persons came in to allow that body to transact the business that was to come before it. At a later period in the evening less than a quorum voted on a motion when a vote was recorded, but others may have been present and dodged the tellers.

Considerable business was transacted at the meeting, among the most important being the making of an appropriation for the repair of the Broadway and Spring street pavements, which should have been taken care of two years ago. Incidentally the Henderson bequest was accepted but this was a matter of minimum importance, for then it was bound to come to the city in any event, the only question being whether the city should officially accept it and so get the right to select the trustees, or refuse it and allow the court to appoint trustees. The city accepted.

When the roll was called there were but 80 responses, 97 being necessary for a quorum. The members drifted in at intervals and finally the required number was reached. William O. Milne was sworn in as a member from the third ward to fill a vacancy.

A communication from Mayor Boyle was read, giving the reason for the call of the special meeting and explaining the Henderson bequest on which action was necessary. One objection provided for a home for aged men, to be administered by trustees elected by the city council, if the city accepts the trust, and if the city refuses the trust trustees are to be appointed by the court for the same purpose.

A resolution was presented accepting the bequest. Mr. Milman moved to amend by leaving the matter of appointment of trustees to the court. The amendment was lost and the resolution was passed after some discussion.

Later on, a resolution was presented providing for the appointment of a committee of five with the chairman and the city solicitor to draw up an ordinance providing for carrying the bequest into effect, and an amendment was tacked on providing that the same committee should recommend names of trustees to be elected. This amendment was proposed by Mr. Milman and was opposed with considerable vigor but was finally passed.

A resolution was passed directing the board of aldermen to contract with the Newport Hospital for the care of Newport's sick at the terms submitted to the committee of 25. A communication was received from the board of aldermen stating that the \$2500 appropriated for repairs to the city hall would not be sufficient for the purpose as specified. The council was not disposed to appropriate more but passed a resolution authorizing the board to do as much as possible for the money.

The committee of ten to investigate the workings of the various departments asked for an appropriation of \$100 for carrying on their work and this provoked much discussion. It was decided that if the committee intended to visit other places to study workings the original resolution would have to be amended and this was done and the \$100 was voted to the committee.

A small amount of taxes erroneously assessed was ordered remitted, but the board of assessors recommended that two other assessments be charged to estates and this the council declined to do, the resolution being defeated after considerable oratory. An appropriation of \$185 for hiring playgrounds for children was laid on the table for further explanation in regard to the places to be hired.

The special committee to investigate the matter of a pumping station in the second ward for removing sewerage from the lower Kay street region, reported recommending that \$3,500 be appropriated for this purpose. The resolution was laid on the table.

Mr. William H. Langley called up the matter of repairs to Broadway and Spring street, which had been referred to the street commissioner to investigate. Mr. Sullivan reported that he had received an estimate from the company of \$10,000 for the job. After a long discussion in which no one denied the necessity for the repairs it was voted to appropriate \$3,000 for this purpose, it being understood that the balance would be paid by the two street railways.

The council adjourned to meet at the call of the chair.

Mr. Sydney D. Harvey of this city has been elected president of the First Rhode Island Spanish American War Regiment and Mr. Frank N. Fuller has been elected a member of the executive committee.

Mr. O. Leroy Grinnell has accepted a position as organist at St. George's church and will begin his new duties the first of May.

Newport Artillery.

The Newport Artillery, the oldest active military organization in the United States, held its one hundred and sixty-eighth annual meeting and election of officers at the Armory on Tuesday evening, Lieutenant-Colonel Frank P. King presiding. There were several important changes made in the officers, a number of the men who have been long service retiring from the office that they have held.

Colonel Charles L. F. Robinson, who has been in command for several years, declined to accept a re-election and Lieutenant-Colonel Frank P. King was the unanimous choice for the position. The new commanding officer has had long experience in military affairs, having first joined the Artillery in 1887, and having served in many of the important offices. He was adjutant for a number of years and has been lieutenant colonel under Colonel Robinson and as the latter has been away for considerable time the active administration of affairs has developed upon Colonel King. His selection gives universal satisfaction.

The list of officers elected was as follows:

Colonel—Frank P. King.
Lieutenant Colonel—Arthur A. Sherman.
Major—Robert O. Ebbes.
Captain—William Knowe.
Adjutant—William E. Bailey.
Quartermaster—James W. Thompson.
Surgeon—Christopher F. Barker, M. D.
Paymaster—Henry H. Hayden.
Assistant Surgeon—Henry H. Luther.
Commissary—Silas H. Hazard.
Chaplain—Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D.
Inspector of Rifle Practice—Robert Patterson, Jr.
Assistant Paymaster—Charles A. Peabody.
First Sergeant—William J. Dawley.
Second Sergeant—Louis F. Snell.
Third Sergeant—Arthur Power.
Fourth Sergeant—Marshall C. Rogers.
Fifth Sergeant—Ernest Darling.

The fish are beginning to come into the local market and the fishermen are hoping for a successful early season. The price at present is high enough to make it decidedly profitable to those who bring in the early catches and as the fishing has not been very good to the southward thus far the prices have not been broken in New York City. A few mackerels have been found at scattered intervals by the fishermen off here and the half-dozen, or more that have been landed here have been disposed of at fancy prices. Soup are coming in quite fast and a sudden influx of this spring fish can be expected any minute. Many traps are set but the weather at times interferes with pulling them.

The members of the lodges of Odd Fellows of Newport and Portsmouth attended service at the First Baptist Church on Sunday evening last, when Rev. Edward A. Johnson, D. D., preached a special sermon in commemoration of the anniversary of the establishing of the order in America. There was a large attendance of members and their ladies.

Miss Nora Laughorne and Mr. Paul Phelps were married in St. James' church, New York, Monday afternoon, Bishop Courtney officiating. The church was filled with the fashionable society and was a very brilliant wedding. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Oriswell D. Laughorne.

Miss Anna Sauvevald, daughter of Mr. Michael Sauvevald, was married to Mr. Robert John Jackson at the First Baptist John Clarke Memorial church on Wednesday evening, Rev. E. A. Johnson, D. D., officiating. The couple were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph K. Allen.

Mr. Theophilus F. Lake, an old-time resident, died at his home on Spring street Monday morning. He was for many years employed in the highway department and was a well known figure about the city. He leaves a son, who resides in Boston.

Miss Sarah E. Dennis died at her home on Everett street, Wednesday afternoon, in her 86th year. Her death was due to causes incident to old age. She was a sister of Mr. William E. Dennis.

Mrs. Harry Hall has returned to Plainfield, N. J., after a visit to her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Seabury, Jr.

Countess Szechenyi was at the Muenchinger-King cottage the past week with her mother, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Dr. Marcus F. Wheatland, who recently submitted to a slight operation at the Newport Hospital, is improving.

Mr. William Allen, the barber, who has been ill for several weeks, is slowly improving.

Mr. and Mrs. John McMahon are spending a week in New York.

Recent Deaths.

Newport has lost by death within a few days two of its best known summer residents—Peter F. Collier of New York and William Blinney of Providence. Both were men who had long been identified with Newport's affairs as men interested in her development as an ideal place for summer residence, and both were men who will be greatly missed.

Peter F. Collier.

Mr. Collier died very suddenly at the Riding Club in New York on April 23 from apoplexy. His death came without warning, as his physician had pronounced him to be in excellent condition but a short time before.

Mr. Collier was born in Ireland nearly sixty years ago, but came to this country when he was a young boy. He completed his education in Cincinnati and afterward removed to New York, where he founded Collier's Weekly and also the publishing house of P. F. Collier & Son. He was active in social circles and was a member of many fashionable clubs.

His favorite recreation was riding and hunting, being the most enthusiastic M. F. H. in the country. He had organized many hunts around Newport and urged their popular support. He very successfully avoided straining the ire of the farmers whose lands were travelled over and he was on terms of the warmest friendship with them. He had presented to residents of Middletown and Portsmouth and also to the schools of the towns many valuable books as well as subscriptions to Collier's Weekly.

Last year Mr. Collier bought a piece of land on Ocean avenue and it was his intention to erect a handsome residence thereon some day. For the past season he had occupied Felsack, the property of Charles Amor Bristol on Wyckham road.

Mr. Collier leaves a son, Robert J. Collier, who married Miss Sara Van Allen, daughter of Mr. James J. Van Allen. He has been connected with his father in the publishing business.

The death of Mr. Collier will make a vacancy in the summer activities of Newport that it will be hard to fill.

Mr. William Blinney, who died at his Providence residence on April 23, was one of the oldest and best known members of Newport's summer colony. Although of a quiet and retiring nature of late, and for the greater part of his time remaining within his home, he had formerly been active in banking and business circles in the State, being one of the founders of the Rhode Island Hospital Trust Company, one of the first trust companies in New England, and its first president. He was born in Philadelphia in 1825, but the greater part of his active life had been passed in Rhode Island, his home being at Providence and Newport. He married first Charlotte Hope Goddard who died in 1868 and in 1871 he married Miss Josephine Angier who survives him.

Mr. Blinney's Newport home, "Wudecke," on Catherine street, was very pleasantly located and was one of the attractive residences of that section of the city. Of late he had spent most of his time in the warm weather within doors, being a constant reader and a close student of literary work. He had been given honorary degrees of A. M. by Brown University and by Yale. He was a warm supporter of St. George's School and was to a considerable extent responsible for much of its success.

William I. Goddard.

Mr. William I. Goddard died at the Newport Hospital Sunday evening, after having submitted to four operations, the first one being for an attack of appendicitis. Little hopes were entertained for his recovery after his arrival at the hospital, although he showed signs of improvement after the first operation.

Mr. Goddard was a carpenter by trade and was well known about the city. He was a member of Malbone Lodge, No. 88, New England Order of Protection. A widow and five children survive him: Thomas, Ralph, Roy and Grace Goddard and Mrs. Ethel Carter.

Mrs. Lewis Morris.

Word was received here the early part of the week of the death of Mrs. Mary Morris, wife of Surgeon Lewis Morris, U. S. N., at Cavite, Philippines Islands, where she and her husband had been living since last September. No particulars of her death have been received. Mrs. Morris was well known in Newport, having lived at the Torpedo Station for a number of years, while her husband was stationed there. She gave many brilliant social entertainments during her residence at the station and was a great favorite with her friends. She was a daughter of the late Thomas Murphy.

Wedding Bells.

Clark-Burke.

The wedding of Miss Bridget Agnes Burke, daughter of Mr. Michael Burke, and Mr. James Francis Clark took place at St. Joseph's church Wednesday morning, there being a large gathering of relatives and friends present to witness the ceremony. Rev. James Mahon, pastor of the church, officiated. The bride wore a dress of pearl grey with trimmings of Irish point lace and a large hat. Her bouquet was of lilies of the valley. Miss Agnes Coffey was the bridesmaid, wearing a dress of light blue crepe de chine trimmed with Irish point lace and a picture hat to match. The duties of best man were performed by Dr. Philip E. Clark, brother of the groom. The others were Messrs. David A. Burke, John D. Burke, Frank A. Clark and Stephen J. Clark. A wedding breakfast and reception followed at the home of the bride on Edward street, where the many handsome gifts were shown.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark left later in the day on their wedding trip.

Hibbard-Kirwin.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Magdalen Kirwin, daughter of Chief Engineer and Mrs. Andrew J. Kirwin, and Mr. George Francis Hibbard of Providence, took place at St. Mary's church Monday morning, Rev. M. F. Reddy officiating. The bride was given away by her father and wore a dress of champagne velvet over silk and a large picture hat to match. Her sister, Miss Augusta Kirwin, was the bridesmaid. She wore a dress of white silk and a picture hat of light blue. The duties of best man were performed by Mr. John A. O'Brien of Providence. The others were Messrs. Andrew J. Kirwin, Jr., Edward P. Kirwin and G. J. Kirwin, all brothers of the bride. A wedding breakfast followed at the home of the bride's parents on Goodwin street, which was very largely attended. Mr. and Mrs. Hibbard left on the 1 o'clock train for Boston on their wedding trip. They will reside in Providence.

Quinn-Hougan.

Miss Pauline Hougan, daughter of Sergeant and Mrs. A. E. Hougan, and Mr. Frank D. Quinn, were married at St. Mary's church Wednesday morning, Rev. M. F. Reddy officiating. The bride wore a travelling dress of old rose with a hat to match and carried a bouquet of carnations. Miss Mollie Hougan, sister of the bride, was the bridesmaid. She wore a dress of grey and a picture hat. Her bouquet was of carnations. Mr. Thomas Quinn of Fall River, brother of the groom, acted as best man.

A reception followed at the home of the bride's parents on West street and was very largely attended. The bride received many useful and pretty gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Quinn left at noon for Worcester, where they will spend their honeymoon. On their return they will reside at 16 West street.

Miss Betty Marquand, daughter of Mr. Frederick Marquand, and Lieutenant J. Fyrmur Moller of the British army, were married at St. Peter's church, Upper Beadly, England, on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and family are cruising in the Mediterranean waters. They are entertaining a party on board their yacht, the North Star.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Norman have arrived from Boston and are at their cottage "The Broomfield," on Washington street, for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Emmons are among the early arrivals, having opened their cottage for the season. Ex-Congressman Melville Bull has so far recovered from his recent illness as to be able to drive out.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Jurgens, who are travelling abroad, are at present in Paris.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will celebrate her 50th birthday May 27th.

Mr. William B. Bailey has been in New York the past week.

Mr. Hubert L. Marsh has returned from his California trip.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented upper part of 120 Bellevue avenue, for residential purpose, to Emile Delong for the use of George T. Downing.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented the boarding-house known as the "Anchorage" at No. 8 Bath Road to Alphonse Fitch of Boston, for William S. Voe.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented (through the second private agent, Wm. E. Brightman) the house, No. 70 Church street, belonging to the estate of the late Charles E. Hammett, to Arthur Cottrell of the U. S. Navy.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented in Jamestown for the summer season, Mrs. Lucetta G. Gilmore's furnished cottage on the East Shore front, overlooking Jamestown harbor, to H. Haseard Griswold, Jr., of Baltimore, Maryland.

Middletown.

The Rite of Confirmation will be administered on Sunday morning at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel by Mr. Roy Bishop-Godman, of Maline, who will officiate in the absence of Bishop Mc Vicar of Rhode Island, who is ill at his home in Providence.

On Tuesday the Newport County Pomona Grange, No. 4, Patrons of Husbandry, held its regular meeting with Aquidneck Grange at the Middle-town town hall, which had been attractively decorated with flowers and plants for the occasion. The meeting was an enjoyment from last week, owing to the heavy rain. The morning session, at which, Worthy Master Joseph A. Peckham of Middletown presided, was devoted to business and included reports from Constant Grange, Jamestown, Aquidneck Grange, Middletown, Portsmouth Grange, Narragansett Grange, Tiverton Grange, and Little Compton Grange. The last named was not personally represented, but a verbal report was given and like the remainder of the five orders was in an encouraging condition, financially and socially and each grange was holding regular and well attended meetings. An adjournment was called at 12:30 for dinner and the party was entertained throughout the noon hour by various selections on a large Victor machine which had kindly been loaned by Worthy Master Peckham. There being a large amount of business on hand relative to the changing and revising of the Constitution and By Laws, the afternoon session, which usually opens the afternoon session, was delayed until 3 o'clock in order to conclude the business of the morning. There having been much discussion at two previous meetings in regard to changing the month of meeting, a committee consisting of Mr. Wm. Potter of Tiverton and Mr. Wm. B. Bloom of Newport were appointed at the March session to look into the feasibility of changing the By Laws. An investigation showed that many alterations were necessary in both the constitution and By Laws, which had not been revised since the Pomona Grange had received its charter in 1885. Much time was consumed in reading and discussing the various articles. It was decided to begin the year in January and hold meetings every other month unless especially called. It was ascertained, that contrary to the belief of many, the Pomona Grange was not confined exclusively to just the local granges of the county but could be widened grange by the State Grange. Evidence of this was given by a visiting granger who told of a Pomona meeting in Massachusetts on Cape Cod where 20 local granges were represented. During the business session, Mr. Thomas Carr of Jamestown who had previously been unable to take his seat as Gate Keeper, was installed by the District Deputy George Howard of Jamestown as one candidate also received the fifth degree. At 8 o'clock the meeting was thrown open to the public. The program opened with "The Warbler's Serenade" by the Victor, followed by the usual roll call which is usually devoted to some special subject. The meeting of Tuesday, coming in April, consisted of items of interest bearing upon the subject "Signs of Spring." During and following the reading of the two novel selections "The Teddy Bear's Hunt" and "The Clock Store" were given on the Victor. The subject, "What constitutes happiness?" had been given out for debate and was discussed with interest by nearly all present. Owing to the lateness of the hour and the many grangers who had long distances to travel, the remainder of the program was omitted and the concluding number was the solo "The Clank of the Forge." The overseer, Mrs. Chas. Potter of Providence but a member of the Tiverton-grange, spoke upon the Massachusetts County Grange known as "Old Colony Pomona," which she attended this month at Oak Hill Grange Attleboro, Mass., and gave much interesting information in regard to their methods and customs in Massachusetts. The June meeting of the Newport County Pomona Grange of Rhode Island will be held at Little Compton.

The annual meeting of the Paradise Reading Club was held with Mrs. C. Edward Farnum on Kay street, Newport, on Wednesday afternoon. This business session closes the Club year and is followed by a banquet which is tendered the club members and their families. This will be held on Thursday evening, May 6th, at the Berkeley Parish House. The following officers were elected for the coming club year, Mrs. Daniel B. Hazard, president; Mrs. John Nicholson, vice president; Mrs. Edw. J. Peckham, secretary; Mrs. Howard R. Peckham, treasurer. Through the invitation of Mrs. Farnum, the families of the club members will hold their annual picnic in June within her grounds which seem pleasantly adapted to an occasion of this kind. Light refreshments and a social hour concluded the meeting. There was a large attendance and several visitors.

The annual "Egg Supper" given under the auspices of the Epworth League of the M. E. Church called out its usual large attendance at the church. The menu included eggs served in eight styles. The supper was very appetizing and one could give as generous an order as he desired. The various small tables set about the dining hall were decorated with daffodils, ice cream and home-made candies were also on sale. At the conclusion of the supper the gathering adjourned to the main auditorium and the adjoining Rogers High School where the quartette rendered four numbers in a most acceptable manner. Miss Sadie I. Peckham also gave a number of piano selections and in combination with Mrs. J. Perry Graham, several duets.

Wednesday evening of next week, the ladies of Holy Cross Guild will hold their monthly supper at the Guild House serving a "Fishball tea." A "May Party" and an Easter Cantata is also in preparation for May, the latter having been unavoidably postponed from Easter.



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CHAPTER V.
A STORY IS TOLD.

It's funny thing how two brown eyes
Was changing every thing—
Do cloud she's no more on the sky,
An' winter's just a lay-sleeping.
Day make my pack so very light,
Do trail she's not as long—
I'd walk it forty mile tonight
For hear her bug was gone.
But now I'm busy mak' fortune
For marry on dat girl,
An' if she's to me yess, dat's soon,
Bonheur! I'm own du worl!

POLLEON DORET sang gayly as the trader came toward him through the open grove of birch, for he was happy this afternoon, and being much of a dreamer, this fresh enterprise awoke in him a boyish pleasure. Had not this discovery of "No Creek" Lee's been providentially arranged for his own especial benefit? A fool could see that this was a mark of celestial approbation, and none but a fool would question the wisdom of the gods. Had he not watched Neela grow from a slip of thirteen and spoken never a word of his love? Had he not served and guarded her with all the gentle civility of an olden knight? Of course! And here was his reward, a gift of wealth to crown his service, all for her.

"How," said Gale, slipping out of his pack straps, "the sketeers is bad!"

"You bet your gun boots," said Polleon. "De're mos' so Ilek us do sum-



Polleon Doret sang gayly as the trader came toward him.

mer day kill Johnnie Platt on do Porcupine. Both men wore gaudy, tattered gloves of caribou skin and head harnesses of muskling netting stretched over globelike frames of thin steel bands, which they slipped on over their hats.

"Let's see," it was you that found him, wasn't it?" said Gale.

"Sure thing! I'm countin' down for grub in my canoe w'ch I see dis feller on do bank walkin' lak he's in beeg hurry. 'In gar, I say, dere's my gun! So fast he'll meet here! Countin' home! Den he turn round an' go tearin' back, wavin' hees arms lak he's callin' me, till he fall down. When I paddle close up I don' know 'Johnnie no more dan stranger, an' me an' Johnnie Platt is trap togeder w'ch winter. 'What you Ilek of dat?'

"I saw a fellow killed that way at Holy Cross," interpolated the trader.

"Hello! Easy—'What's de matter? An' den I see somethin' 'bout 'im dat look familiar. Hees face she's all swell' up an' bleedin' lak raw meat." The Frenchman curled his upper lip back from his teeth and shook his head at the remembrance.

"Jesu, dat's 'orrible sight! Dem dy is drive 'im crazy. Hees nose an' ears is look lak holes in beeg red sponge, an' hees eye are close up tight."

"He died before you got him in, didn't he?"

"Yes. He was good umm too."

"I guess you, been purty glad for havin' Polleon home again, eh?" ventured Polleon after awhile, unable to avoid any longer the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Yes. I'm glad she's through with her schooling."

"She's gettin' purty beeg gal now."

"That's right."

"By an' by she's goin' marry on some feller w'at?"

"I suppose so. She ain't the kind to stay single."

"That's right too. Mebbe you don' care if she does get marry, eh?"

"Not if she gets a man that will treat her right."

"Waal, waal! Dere's no trouble 'bout dat," exclaimed Doret fervently. "No man w'at's livin' could treat her bad. She's too good an' too purty for have bad husband."

"She is, is she?" Gale turned on him with a strange glare in his eyes. "Them's the kind that get the ho-devils. There's something about a good girl that attracts a bad man, particularly if she's pretty, and it goes double too. The good men get the hellions. A fellow can't get so tough but what he can catch a good woman, and a decent man usually draws a critter that looks like a sled and acts like a timber wolf."

"Neela wouldn't marry on no bad man," said Doret positively.

Neither man had ever spoken thus openly to the other about Neela before, and although their language was indirect, each knew the other's thought. But there was no time for further talk now, for the others were close upon them. As they came into view Gale exclaimed:

"Well, if Lee hasn't brought Run-

nion alone!"

"Humph," grunted Doret. "I don't Ilek much of dat feller."

The three new arrivals dropped down upon the moss to rest, for the up trail was heavy. Lee was the first to speak.

"Did you get away without belu'scent?" he asked.

"Sure," answered Gale. "Polleon has been here two hours."

"That's good. I don't want nobody taggin' along."

Runnion volunteered nothing, except a bath at the mosquitoes and at his pack straps, which were new and cut him already. As no explanation of his presence was offered, neither the trader nor Doret made any comment there, but it came out later, when the old miner dropped far enough behind the others to render conversation possible.

"You decided to take in another one, eh?" Gale asked Lee.

"It wasn't exactly my dole's," replied the miner. "Stark asked me to let Runnion come 'long, belu' as he had grub staked him, and he seemed so set on it that I accented. You see, it's the first chance I ever had to pay him back for a favor he done me in the Cassiar country. There's plenty of land to go around."

It was Lee's affair, thought the trader, and he might tell whom he liked, so he said no more, but fell to studying the back of the man next in front, who happened to be Stark, observing every trick and trick of him and during the frequent pauses making a point of listening and watching him guardedly.

All through the afternoon the five men wound up the valley, following one another's footsteps, emerging from spongy thickets of fir to flounder across wide pastures of "nigger heads" that wobbled and wriggled and bowed beneath their feet until, at cost of much effort and profanity, they gained the firmer footing of the forest. At one point Stark, hot and irritable, remarked:

"There must be a shorter cut than this, Lee?"

"I reckon there is," the miner replied, "but I've always had a pack to carry, so I choose level ground rather than climb the divides."

"S'pose these people at camp hear 'bout dis strike an' beat us in?" suggested Polleon.

"It wouldn't be easy going for them after they got there," Stark said sourly. "I for one wouldn't stand for it."

"Nor I," agreed Runnion.

"I don't see how you'd help yourself," the trader remarked. "One man's got to go good a right as another."

"I guess I'd help myself, all right," Stark laughed significantly, as did Runnion, who added:

"Lee is entitled to put in anybody he wants on his own discovery, and if anybody tries to get ahead of us there's liable to be trouble."

"I reckon I don't know no short cut nobody else does," Lee remarked, whereupon Doret spoke up reassuringly:

"Dere's no use gettin' scarce lak dat. Because nobody knows w'ch Lee's creek she's locate' but John an' me, an' dere's nobody w'at knows he mak' de strike but us four."

"That's right," said Gale. "The only other way across is by Black Bear creek, and there ain't a half dozen men ever been up to the head of that stream, much less over the divide, so I don't allow there's any use to fret selves."

They went on their way, traveling leisurely until late evening, when they camped at the mouth of the valley up which the miner's cabin lay. Camp had been made early at Gale's suggestion instead of pushing on a few miles farther, as Lee had intended; and now, when the cool evening fell and the draft quickened, it became possible to lay off gloves and headgear, so they sat about the fire, talking, smoking and rubbing their tired feet.

It is at such hours and in the smoke of such fires that men hark backward and bring forth the sacred, true worn memories they have treasured to turn them over fondly by the glow of dying embers.

"No Creek" Lee, the one-eyed miner who had made this lucky strike, told in simple words of his long and solitary quest, when ill luck had risen with him at the dawn and misfortune had stalked beside him as he drifted and drank from camp to camp, while the gloom of a settled pessimism soured him, and men began to shun him because of the evil that seemed to follow in his steps.

"I've been rainbow chasin' forty years," he said, "and never caught nothin' but cramps and epidemics and indigestions. I'm the only miner in Alaska that never made a discovery of gold and never had a creek named after him."

"Is that how you got your name?" asked Runnion.

"It is. I never was no fool to myself nor nobody else. I just occupied space."

Finally Gale arose, remarking sleepily that it was time to turn in if they wished to get any rest before the mosquitoes got bad again, then sauntered away from the fire and spread his blanket. The rest followed and made down their beds, then, drawing on gloves and hat nets and rolling themselves up in their coverings, fell to snoring—ill except the trader, who lay for hours on his back staring up at the stars, as if trying to solve some riddle that baffled him.

They awoke early and in half an hour had eaten, remade their packs and were ready to resume their march. As they were about to start Gale said:

"I reckon we'd better settle," now who has the choice of locations when we get up yonder. I've been on hand-me-downs. It saved a heap of hard feeling."

"I'm agreeable," said Stark. "Then there won't be any misunderstanding."

The others, being likewise old at the game, acquiesced. They knew that in such cases grave trouble has often occurred when two men have cast eyes on the same cloth and have felt the miner's caustic "hum!" that gold lies here or there or that the ground one of them covets is wanted by the other.

"I'll hold the straws," said Lee, "and every feller will have an even break."

Turning his back on the others, he cut four splinters of varying lengths, and, arranging them so that the ends peeped evenly from his big hand, he held them out.

"The longest one has the first choice, and so on," he said, presenting them to Gale, who promptly drew the longest of the four. He turned to Doret, but the Frenchman waved him courteously to Stark, and when both he and Runnion had made their choice Lee handed him the remaining one, which was next in length to that of the trader. Stark and Runnion quailed in the order they drew, the latter cursing his evil luck.

"Never win, ole man," laughed Polleon. "De las! shot she's de sure wau."

They took up their burdens again and filed toward the narrow valley.

CHAPTER VI.
THE YUKON CREEK.

NOT until his dying day will Burrell lose the memory of that march with Neela through the untrodden valley, and yet its incidents were never clear out nor distinct when he looked back upon them, but blended into one dreamlike procession, as if he wandered through some catenure where every image was delightfully distorted and each act, deliciously unreal, yet all the sweeter from its feeble unreality. They talked and laughed and sang with a rush of spirits as untamed as the waters in the course they followed. They wandered hand in hand into a land of illusions, where there was nothing real but love and nothing tangible but joy.

They held to the bed of the stream, for its volume was low and enabled them to ford it from bar to bar.

They had become so intimate by now as to fall into a whimsical mode of speech, and Neela reverted to a childish habit in her talk that brought many a smile to the youth's face. It had been her fancy as a little girl to speak in adjectives, ignoring many of her nouns, and its quaintness had so amused her father that on rare occasions, when the humor was on him, he also took it up. She now addressed herself to Burrell in the same manner.

"I think we are very smart to come so far," she said.

"You travel like a deer," he declared admiringly. "Why, you have tired me down." Removing his pack, he stretched his arms and shook out the ache in his shoulders.

He built a fire, then fetched a bucket of water from a rill that trickled down among the rocks near by. He made as if to prepare their meal, but she would have none of it.

"Bigs should never cook," she declared. "That work belongs to litters," then forced him to vacate her domain and turn himself to the manly duties of chopping wood and boughs.

First, however, she showed him how to place two green felt loes upon which the teapot and the frying pan would sit without upsetting and how long she wished the sticks of cooking wood. Then she banished him, as it were, and he built a wickup of spruce tops, under the shelter of which he piled thick, fragrant billows of "Yukon feathers."

He filled his chest deeply and leaned on his ax, for he found himself shivering as if under the spell of some great expectancy.

"Your supper is getting cold," she called to him.

He took a seat beside her on a pile of boughs where the smoke was least troublesome. He had chosen a spot that was sheltered by a lichen covered ledge, and this low wall behind, with the wickup joining it, formed an inclosure that lent them a certain air of privacy. They ate ravenously and drank deep cups of the unadorned tea. By the time they were finished the night had fallen, and the air was just cool enough to make the fire agreeable. Burrell heaped on more wood and stretched out beside her.

"This day has been so wonderful," said the girl, "that I shall never go to sleep. I can't bear to end it."

"But you must be weary, little girl," he said gently. "I am."

"Wait. Let me see." She stretched her limbs and moved slightly to try her muscles. "Yes, I am very tired, but not the kind of tired that makes you want to go to bed. I want to talk, talk, talk, and not about ourselves either, but about sensible. Tell me about your people—your sister."

He had expected her to ask this, for the subject seemed to have an inexhaustible charm for her. She would sit rapt and motionless as long as he cared to talk of his sister, in her wide, meditative eyes the shadow of a great unvoiced longing. He told her of his father, the crutchless old soldier whose absurd sense of duty and whose elaborate southern courtesy had become a byword in the south. He told her household tales that were prized like pieces of the Burrell plate, beautiful heirlooms of sentiment that mark the honor of high blooded houses, following which there was much to recount of the Meades, from the admiral who fought as a boy in the bay of Tripoli down to the cousin who was at Annapolis, the while his listener hung upon his words hungrily, her mind so quick in pursuit of his that it spurred him unconsciously, her great, dark eyes half closed in silent laughter or wide with wonder, and in them always the warmth of the leaping firelight, blended with the trust of a new-born virgin love.

Then he began to laugh silently.

"What is it?" she said curiously.

"Oh, nothing! I was just wondering what my straitlaced ancestors would say if they saw me now."

"I don't care," he went on, unheeding her question. "They did worse things in their time, from what I hear." He leaned forward to draw her to him.

"Worse things! But we are doing nothing bad," said Neela, holding him off. "There's no wrong in loving."

"Of course not," he assured her.

"I am proud of it," she declared. "It is the best thing, the greatest thing, that has ever come into my life. Why, I simply can't hold it. I want to cling to the stars and cry, it out to the whole world. Don't you?"

"I hardly think you'd better advertise," he said dryly.

"Why not?"

"Well, I shouldn't care to publish the tale of this excursion of ours. Would you?"

"I don't see any reason against it. I have often taken trips with Polleon and been gone with him for days and days at a time."

"But you were not a woman then," he said softly.

"No, not until today, that's true. Dear, dear, how I did grow all of a sudden! And yet I'm just the same as I was yesterday, and I'll always be the same, just a wild little. Please don't ever let me be a big tame. I don't want to be commonplace and ordinary. I want to be natural and good."

"You couldn't be like other women," he declared, and there was more tenderness than humor in his tone now as she looked up at him trustfully from the shelter of his arms. "It would spoil you to grow up."

"It is so good to be alive and to love you like this!" she continued dreamily, starting into the fire. "I seem to have come out of a gloomy house into the glory of a warm spring day, for my eyes are blinded, and I can't see half the beautiful I want to, there are so many about me."

"Those are my arms," interjected the soldier lightly in an effort to ward off her growing seriousness.

"I've never been afraid of anything, and yet I feel so safe inside them. Isn't it queer?"

The young man became conscious of a vague discomfort and realized dimly that for hours now he had been smothering with words and caresses a something that had striven with him to be heard, a something that instead of dying grew stronger the more utterly this innocent mask yielded to him. It was as if he had ridden impulse with rough spurs in a fierce desire to distance certain voices and in the first mad gallop had lost them, but now far back heard them calling again more strongly every moment. A man's hour if old may travel feebly, but its pursuit is persistent. It was the talk about his people that had raised this uneasiness and indecision, he thought. Why had he ever started it?

"The marvelous part of it all," continued the girl, "is that it will never end. I know I shall love you always. Do you suppose I am really different from other girls?"

"Everything is different tonight—the whole world," he declared impatiently.

"I've had a big headache," she said, "but you must help me to overcome it. I want to be like your sister."

He rose and piled more wood upon the fire. What possessed the girl? It was as if she knew each cunning joint of his armor, as if she had realized her peril and had set about the awakening of his conscience deliberately and with a cautious wisdom beyond her years. Well, she had done it, and he swore to himself. Then he melted at the sight of her, crouched there against the shadows, following his every movement with her soul in her eyes, the tenderest trace of a smile upon her lips.

When she beheld him gazing at her she tilted her head sideways daintily, like a little bird.

"Oh, my! What a fierce you are all at once!"

Her smile dashed up as if illumined by the leaping blaze, and he crossed quickly, kneeling beside her.

He piled up a great sweet scented couch of spring boughs and fashioned a pillow out of a bundle of smaller ones, around which he wrapped his hawk coat; then he removed her high laced boots and, taking her tiny feet, one in the palm of either hand, bowed his head over them and kissed them with a sense of her gracious purity and his own unworthiness. He spread one of the big gray blankets over her and tucked her in, while she sighed in delightful languor, looking up at him all the time.

"I'll sit here beside you for awhile," he said. "I want to smoke a bit."

At times a great desire to feel her to his arms, to have her on his breast, surged over him, for he had lived long apart from women, and the solitude of the night seemed to mock him. He was a strong man, and in his veins ran the blood of wayward forefathers who were wont to possess that which they conquered in the lists of love, unlighted with which was the blood of spirited southern women who had on occasion loved not wisely, according to Kentucky minor, but only too well. Nevertheless they were honest men and women, if over sentimental, and had transmitted to him a heritage of civility and a high sense of honor and courage. Her love had placed a barrier between them greater and more insurmountable than her blood.

He gently withdrew his fingers from her grasp and, seeing the other side of the wickup, covered himself over without disturbing her and fell asleep.

It was early dawn when Neela crept to him.

"I dreamed you had gone away," she said, shivering violently and drawing close. "Oh, it was a terrible awakening!"

"I was too tired to dream," he said.

"So I had to come and see if you were really here."

He quickly rekindled the fire, and they made a hasty breakfast. Before the warmth of the rising sun had penetrated the cold air they had climbed the ridge and obtained a wondrous view of broken country, the hills afloat with the morning rays, the valleys misty and mystical.

"I wish Stark was not one of Lee's

party," he said once. "No way more. I'd like to see him go."

"But when he learns that we are each other that will explain everything," he said.

"I am not so sure. He doesn't know you as Lee and Polleon and your father do. I think we had better say nothing at all about you and me—to any one."

They clung to the divide for several hours, then descended into the bed of a stream, which they followed until it joined a larger and a couple of miles below, and there, sheltered in a grove of whispering firs, they found Lee's cabin nestling in a narrow, forked valley.

"There's no one here," said Neela gleefully. "We've beat them in! We've beat them in!"

They had been walking rapidly since dawn, and, although Burrell's watch showed 2 o'clock, they refused to halt for lunch, declaring that the others might arrive at any moment, so down they went to the lower end of "No Creek" Lee's location, where Burrell blazed a smooth spot on the downstream side of a tree and wrote thereon at Neela's dictation. When he had finished she signed her name, and he

"PR sit here beside you for awhile," he said.

witnessed it, then paced off 440 steps, where he squared a spruce tree, which she marked:

Lower center end stake of No. 1 below discovery. NEELA GALE, Locator.

"Now you stake the one below mine," she said. "It's just as good and maybe better. Nobody can tell." But he shook his head.

"I'm not going to stake anything," said he.

"You must!" she cried quickly, the sparkle dying from her eyes. "You said you would, or I never would have brought you."

"I merely said I would come with you," he corrected. "I did not promise to take up a claim, for I don't think I ought to do so. If I were a civilian I would be different, but this is government land, and I am a part of the government, as it were. Then, too, in addition to the question of my right to do it, there would be the certainty of making enemies of your people, old 'No Creek' and the rest, and I can't afford that now."

All arguments and pleading were in vain. He remained adamant and insisted on her locating two other claims for herself, one on each of the smaller creeks where they came together above the house.

"But nobody ever stakes more than one claim on a gulch," objected the girl. "It's a custom of the miners."

"Then we'll call each one of these branches a different and separate creek," he said. "The gold was carried down one of those smaller streams, and we won't take any chances on which one it was."

CHAPTER VII.
THE MAGIC OF BEN STARK.

BEFORE the party came in sight the sound of their voices reached the cabin, and Burrell rose nervously and sauntered to the door. Uncertain how this affair might terminate, he chose to get first look at his enemies, if they should prove to be such, realizing the advantage that goes to a man who stands squarely on both feet. Then he heard Lee say:

"Well, I'll be d—d! Somebody's here ahead of us."

"We've been beaten!" growled Stark angrily, pushing past him and coming around the corner, an ugly look in his eyes.

"Good afternoon," Burrell nodded pleasantly.

Lee answered him unintelligibly. Stark said nothing, but Runnion's exclamation was plain.

"It's that cursed blue belly!"

"When did you get here?" said Stark after a pause.

"A few hours ago."

"How did you come?" asked Lee.

"Black Bear creek," said the soldier curtly, at which Runnion broke into profanity.

"Better hush," Burrell admonished him. "There's a lady inside." And at that instant Neela showed her laughing face under his arm, while the trader uttered her name in amazement.

"Lunch is ready," she said. "We've been expecting you for quite awhile."

"Ba gar! Dat's funny thing for sure," said Polleon. "Who tol' you 'bout dis strike, eh?"

"Mother, I made her," the girl answered.

"Take off your packs and come in," Burrell invited, but Stark strode forward.

"Hold on a minute. This don't look good to me. You say your mother told you. I suppose you're Old Man Gale's other daughter, eh?"

Neela nodded.

"What time of day was it when you learned about this?"

"Cut that out!" roughly interjected Gale. "Do you think I double crossed you?"

The other turned upon him.

"It looks that way, and I intend to find out. You said yesterday you hadn't told anybody."

"I didn't think about the woman," said the trader, a trifle disconcerted whereupon Runnion gave vent to a loud snore.

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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Saturday, May 1, 1909.

A snow storm on the last day of April is disheartening to those who have been hoping for an early spring.

New York and Boston each are pressing through the throes of a sensational murder trial. In each case the public grasps eagerly at the unsavory details that are set forth in the court room.

Senator Aldrich says that he is ready to help the South to prosper. There are great industries in that section which can be developed with Northern capital, and which will be so developed eventually.

The State of Texas does not need to worry about having sufficient money to run the State this year. The Waters Pierce Oil Company has paid into the treasury the modest amount of \$1,808,400 in settlement of the fine imposed upon it for violation of the anti-trust laws.

Pittsburg is fearful lest Andrew Carnegie has become offended at its caustic criticisms of his tariff writings. Mr. Carnegie has made no arrangements to continue the erection of the \$10,000,000 technological schools started in Pittsburg and only four of the 10 schools have been erected.

Tiverton will be the center of attraction in Fall River for the next year. Beginning to day the next year will be a dry one in the Massachusetts city, and the citizens will have to depend upon Rhode Island to supply them with liquor. This is a trade which the people of this State are not particularly anxious to develop.

Auto speeding will not be popular in Louisiana. In one section of the Hoosier State the local authorities propose to rig up a hydraulic gun which will throw a sufficiently powerful stream to remove the chauffeur from his seat and land him gently in the road. The remarks that the victim will make in the meantime will not be published.

The Southern members of Congress claim to want a reduction of the tariff but when their own products are assailed they are very quick to fight for the retention of the protective duty. The time will never come when the United States will be ready for free trade, or a tariff for revenue only, except on the goods that the other fellow sells.

The Congressional party that visited Panama has found that the work on the canal is being pushed as rapidly as possible and that there is no reason to fear any trouble with the Gatun dam as we have so many times been told. Colonel Goethals is making things fly down in that country and he will have the canal finished almost before we know it.

Mr. Taft is not a great blowhard but he generally accomplishes what seems necessary. The success of the United States in keeping Castro away from Venezuela indicates what may be done in a quiet and unobtrusive manner. Had the events of the past few weeks transpired under a former administration we can imagine the noise that would have been made from the White House, but now how different.

If it is true that the New Haven road will soon build a through line from Providence to New Bedford by tunneling under the hill in Fall River, it would mean considerable in an industrial way for the Rhode Island city, bringing her in close touch with New Bedford and the cape which has heretofore been dependent upon the city of Boston. The communication between Providence and New Bedford is at present slow and inadequate.

Reckless automobilists are beginning to feel the full power of the law. In New York a chauffeur who killed a boy and then ran away is being held on a charge of murder in the first degree, while in our own State a reckless driver has been given a severe jail sentence. There are a certain number of owners and operators of automobiles that offend against the law and endanger life and property, and it is against these that every punitive measure should be taken. The rest of the fraternity would rejoice to see the roads made safer for those that know how to enjoy them.

Events in Turkey have moved rapidly within the last few days. The old Sultan, who has ruled over the troubled kingdom so long and whose tenure of office has always been regarded as precarious, has at last given way to the march of progress as represented in the party of the Young Turks. A new Sultan occupies the throne while the deposed Abdul Hamid retires into captivity. The United States was the first nation to recognize the new government, a fact that was appreciated by the new Sultan. The new government has great possibilities for good; there is a large nation of considerable wealth to be developed, but until the rioters in Asiatic Turkey are dealt with firmly there will be no confidence felt in its ability. The new government must give early indication that it will not tolerate persecution of Christians or it will stand in the same relation to the great powers as did that of Sultan Abdul Hamid.

General Assembly.

The General Assembly will probably adjourn permanently next Friday, there being yet sufficient business to keep the members busy all next week. Some of the members have advocated adjournment on Wednesday but it is probable that the session will last until Friday night.

Much business has been transacted during the past week, and some of the most important measures have been reported by the committees. The House has passed the bill providing for submitting to the people the three constitutional amendments. The navy bill has also passed the House, as has the bill reducing the metropolitan park commission to five members appointed by the Governor with the advice and consent of the Senate.

The Senate has passed the bill fixing the minimum salary for school teachers at \$400 per year, the difference between what the towns pay and the \$400 to be paid by the State. The Senate has also passed the bakery inspection bill, providing for the inspection to be done under the factory inspector's department.

There was a lively debate in the House on Thursday over the bill to incorporate the Blackstone Valley Gas & Electric Company, the bill being finally indefinitely postponed. An act has been passed in concurrence providing that the matter of locating new hospitals for care of tuberculosis or other contagious diseases shall be subject to the approval of the local board of health.

Great Growth in 10 Years.

Trade between the United States and its non-contiguous territories will aggregate approximately \$50,000,000 in the fiscal year which ends with June next, against approximately \$70,000,000 in 1899, a decade earlier. For the eight months for which the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor has complete figures the shipments of merchandise from the United States to its non-contiguous territories—Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, Philippine Islands, Guam, Midway Islands and Tutuila—amounted to \$43,500,000, and the shipments of merchandise from those territories to the United States amounted to \$52,500,000. These figures relate only to merchandise. The value of the native gold shipped from Alaska to the United States in the period in question was \$16,750,000, or more than twice the purchase price of Alaska. The shipments of merchandise from the non-contiguous territories to the United States for the eight months ending with February, 1909, show an increase of about \$2,000,000 over the corresponding period of 1908, and \$5,500,000 over the corresponding period of 1907. The merchandise shipped from the United States to the non-contiguous territories in the same period shows a decrease of about \$500,000 as compared with the corresponding months of 1908, but an increase of about \$750,000 as compared with the corresponding months of 1907. This slight decrease in the shipments to the non-contiguous territories in 1909, as compared with 1908, is due in part at least to the fall in prices of certain classes of articles sent to those territories, and this fall in prices has given a lower total of values even in cases where the quantity shipped was greater.

Pres. Taft on the Canal.

In "An Answer to the Panama Canal Critics" in May McClure's Magazine, written before he became President, W. H. Taft states that "the administration is proceeding to construct the canal on the type authorized and directed by Congress, and the criticisms of gentlemen who predicate all their arguments on theory and not upon practical tests, who institute comparisons between the present type of canal and the sea-level type of 300 to 600 feet in width that never has been or will be on sea or land, cannot disturb the even tenor of those charged with the responsibility of constructing the canal, and will only continue to afford to persons who do not understand the situation and are not familiar with the history of the canal an unfounded sensation of regret and alarm that the government is pursuing a foolish and senseless course. Meanwhile the canal will be built and completed on or before Jan. 1, 1916, and those who are now its severest critics will be glad to have their authorship of recent articles forgotten."

Mr. Taft gives little thought to his means of locomotion. During his extensive travels, and more particularly the speaking campaign which he made last summer, Mr. Taft became convinced that the modern automobile was one of the best time-saving devices that the age has produced. Time and again, when the schedule of his train or his meetings lagged the time was made up by a lightning dash in an automobile. No pace was too fast for Mr. Taft. It wasn't so much physical courage in the face of the danger of fast riding, as it was absolute indifference and inattention, on his part, to the rate at which he was traveling. It is so now. It is doubtful if the President could pick out his own automobile from three others standing in a row at the White House curb. All he knows and all he cares about the automobile business is that the big limousine makes a comfortable place for him to sit, and that no other mode of locomotion is more economical of time.

Washington Matters.

Department Reads to Fulfill Information to Congress—The Wheat Situation—Debate on the Tariff Bill—Secretary of Navy Would Like to Court Martial Newspapermen—Notes.

From Our Regular Correspondent. Washington, D. C., April 30, 1909.

The members of President Taft's cabinet have received an order from him directing that when Congress asks for specific information relating to the conduct of their department they shall furnish such information direct, unless in their opinion the public interest demands that it be withheld. Formerly it has been the custom, when Congress requested information, for the head of the department to which the request was addressed, to collect the information and submit it to the President who in turn submitted it to Congress. This system was much complained of in the Senate on the ground that it implied a limitation of power of Congress and placed in the hands of the Executive the power to withhold any information he might see fit. President Taft's order requires the department heads to transmit information direct, unless for some special reason it is deemed important first to submit the matter to him.

The Secretary of Agriculture is much besieged these days on the subject of wheat and he makes no secret of the fact that he expected a decline in the price of wheat, but he hesitates to express the opinion that the "Patten wheat" is now broken and that the country can look for a return to the normal conditions affecting this product. To his visitors this week he said that he did not know whether this decline in the price of wheat is permanent or not. "The cry that there is a scarcity of wheat is absolutely false," he declares, "and those who believe it are simply being imposed upon by the gang of ringsters in Chicago. A situation such as the one Patten has engineered always results in hardship to the farmer. It has been the inevitable consequence that when prices rise as high as they are to-day the farmers immediately plant an additional amount of wheat for the next year, and when the next year comes they find that the market is glutted and the price has been practically cut in half. I have preached against this for a long time but I anticipate that next year will see a repetition of the same practice."

An interesting debate in the Senate on the tariff bill this week brought forth the fact that two Republicans who demanded downward revision and whose criticism of the Finance Committee's bill was more pointed than anything said up to date by Democratic Senators. Senator Nelson and Dolliver did not spare words in attacking the bill and they let it be known that, in their opinion, it did not meet the pledges of the Republican party, that it makes no substantial reduction in duties, and would afford little, if any, relief to the great mass of consumers. The statements of the Iowa and Minnesota Senators were not permitted to go unchallenged by Senator Aldrich, and in rather pointed language he told Mr. Dolliver that his speech had a familiar Democratic twang wholly unlike the tariff record of Iowa's greatest statesman, the late Senator Allison, who did not change his views on the protective policy on account of political exigencies in Iowa.

A feature of the debate was Mr. Aldrich's statement that the Republican party had made no pretense to revise the tariff downward, and he asserted with emphasis that, taken as a whole, the bill fulfilled the pledge of the Republican party for honest revision, and answered the demands of the American people.

Secretary Meyer, of the Navy, returned to his desk on Thursday, and spent much time consulting with the officers of the department over the "Panther conspiracy," the double report of the Sperry board, etc., subjects which are greatly agitating naval circles at the present moment. The Secretary declines to say anything for publication, however, except that he hoped the judge advocate general would be able to discover legal authority for court-martialing those enterprising newspaper men who had made public the contents of the Panther pamphlet, and who had given so much publicity generally to the navy controversy. He admitted that he had serious misgivings as to whether his authority extended far enough, but declared that if it did he would certainly order the Washington correspondents before courts martial.

The Census Appropriation bill to all probability will be so amended as to provide \$25,000 for the traveling expenses of the President of the United States. For years this item has been carried in the legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill. President Taft has planned a trip through the West the coming summer, the extent of which will depend upon the action of Congress concerning this item for his traveling expenses. It is expected that the bill will be called upon Monday in the House for consideration.

Artificial Production vs Nature

Artificial hatching and rearing of chickens has been so long in operation that the uninformed might well suppose that the old natural plan was doomed to pass away with other cruder methods of earlier days. This, however, seems not to be really the case, unless, of course, the artificial methods are further improved so as to completely supplant the natural system. It seems the United States Department of Agriculture, among others of its myriad activities, has been looking up to the two methods of developing this "infant" industry, and a lately published bulletin takes rather advanced ground against the artificial system. Experiments conducted by the Oregon station of the department seem to point not only to the hen itself being a more efficacious medium for bringing young chicks into the world, as regards the number hatched, but it seems to establish the fact that the naturally hatched chickens are stronger and better products, with a higher vitality, than those turned out by the artificial substitute. This result, we believe, is in line with experiments made upon infant members of the human family, who, because of accident or otherwise, have had to be brought up, as the saying is, by hand. Still, for commercial purposes, in conducting poultry raising on a large scale, there will always be need for the incubator industry where intelligent care will partly make up for the natural disadvantages of the artificial system, and where also the idiosyncrasies of the individual hen will not be allowed the free play which it had under the old plan.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., April 29, 1909.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent May 1 to 6, warm wave April 30 to May 4, cool wave May 5 to 7. This disturbance is expected to develop very cool weather and, after the central darts, dry weather and it will continue dry till after May 10. First week of May will not bring good crop weather. I am of opinion that farmers better hold their grain. So long as the wheat corner continues grain is high enough, but if the prices should break much below those that ruled during the corner, farmers should wait; prices will come up again and stay up.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about May 8, cross Pacific slope by close of 7, great central valleys 8 to 10, eastern states 11. This disturbance will bring high temperatures and, for five or six days, good crop weather and then back into very bad crop weather. Most rains of the month will fall during after part of this disturbance as the cool wave comes in. But these will not be growing rains on account of the unusually cool weather.

This disturbance will bring severe storms. The storm cycle of Venus and Jupiter and the moon will all unite their electrical energies, and all weather features will largely increase in force or intensity. It is the electrical forces, not heat, that cause the storm features to grow in intensity. These features are temperature, wind, weight of the atmosphere as measured by the barometer, rain, hail, snow, lightning, thunder storms, electrical storms, tornadoes, hurricanes, cold waves, heat waves, cloudiness, clear skies, frosts. All these features are increased as to intensity or force at some points in each cycle and these cycles are under the control of the sun, earth, moon and planets.

I am expecting a frost wave to pass across the continent May 18 to 19 and advise all sections where frosts sometimes occur at that season to guard well their tender plants. That will be the "blackberry winter," and it portends a beautiful blackberry crop. This is an old tradition that seems to have some real foundation.

I am of opinion that agriculture is to be the best business our young men can prepare themselves for. The world is becoming over-populated as compared with the past and much greater demands are sure to be made for the products of the soil than have heretofore been made.

The world will support ten times the number of people that now live on it, but not by the loose methods of agriculture that prevailed during the last century, and scientific farming will be the best business that any young man can engage in. Avoid the cities. Very few families survive city life beyond the third generation. Of all the unpromising lives a young man can aspire to the one to be most avoided is a government clerkship. Once in a government office and you are forever lost. A young man of good qualities can make no greater mistake and no other is competent for a government clerkship.

Take not of a good life, but let thy good life talk.—Schiller.

INDICATIONS OF MURDER

Mystery in Connection With Death of New Bedford Woman

New Bedford, Mass., April 29.—The body of Nellie Carter, a negroess, about 36 years of age, was found in an upper room of a tenement on Water street, the circumstances pointing to murder. From the progress of decomposition it is thought that death occurred at least two weeks ago. The woman had recently paid a fine of \$50 on a charge of keeping a disorderly house.

Decomposition had set in to such an extent that the police were unable to say positively that the woman was murdered. The fact that the head was covered with a sheet tightly wrapped about it, that the body was between two mattresses and that the bed had been broken as if in a struggle, made it very improbable that the woman had taken her own life. Nothing was found in the room, however, to furnish a clue to the identity of her supposed murderer.

PEACE IN THE COAL FIELDS

It is Assured by Signing of a Three-Year Agreement

Philadelphia, April 30.—Peace between the mine workers and operators in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania is assured for another three years. The agreement continuing in force until March 31, 1912, the awards of the anthracite coal commission was signed here by a committee of seven on behalf of the mine owners and a similar committee representing the workers.

Except for five added stipulations suggested by the miners, the agreement is identical with the one signed in New York three years ago. The mine workers' union is not officially recognized. The conference was a harmonious affair and ended with "everybody happy," as one of the committeemen expressed it.

Reassuring Him.

"A little final advice," said a professor of elocution, addressing his pupils before the annual entertainment—"go well to the front of the stage, don't hesitate and don't be nervous!" "But, I say, professor," remarked a very self satisfied member of the class, "suppose I forget part of my oration?" "Oh, that doesn't matter," replied the professor. "On the contrary, the more of it you forget the better the audience will like it!"

Kept Him Busy.

"Did you do much sightseeing when you went abroad?" "No," answered Mr. Camrox. "Mother and the girls did the sightseeing. I had to put in my time finding the places where they cash letters of credit."—Washington Star.

Man Killed Twice.

An English paper is responsible for stating that a man "was overtaken by a passenger train and killed. He was injured in a similar way about three years ago."

DARTMOUTH MAN

KILLS SMITH GIRL

Love Affair Culminates in Murder and Suicide

Northampton, Mass., April 30.—After trying for three days to win back the affections of the girl he loved and then to realize that she was gradually being lost to him forever, Porter Smith, class of '08 graduate of Dartmouth college, and a member of a wealthy Chicago family, shot and killed Helen A. Murden of Somerville, a senior at Smith college, as the couple were walking in front of the student building.

After he had fired three shots into the body of the girl Smith turned the revolver to his head and sent a bullet crashing through his brain.

When found the couple lay side by side. The young man was dead and the girl unconscious. Two hours later she died.

The tragedy was the culmination of a college romance that began three years ago when the young man met the girl through his sister. Their friendship grew into love, which continued for some time until there came a break last Christmas.

Since that time Smith had done everything possible, as far as can be learned, to gain the favor of the Somerville girl, but she refused to have anything further to do with him.

Wealthy Autoist Is Jailed

Boston, April 30.—Harry C. Orndorff, member of a wealthy family in Providence, was sentenced to the house of correction for six months for recklessly operating an automobile while under the influence of liquor, by Judge Harris in the superior criminal court.

Carpenters Demand Higher Pay

Haverhill, Mass., April 30.—A general strike of the union carpenters in this city will go into effect tomorrow unless the contractors and builders agree to the union demand of an increase in pay from 37½ cents an hour to 41½ cents an hour.

Woman Suffrage Knocked Out

Madison, Wis., April 29.—The woman suffrage bill, which passed the Wisconsin senate some time ago, was killed in the assembly by a vote of 53 to 34.

Great Lady—"So sorry! I'm afraid my feathers were tickling you during the lecture."

Very Much Lesser Lady—"Oh! dear Lady Highbridge-Knowlessey, who would mind being tickled by you?"—Punch.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

| MAY 1909. | | STANDARD TIME. | | High water. | |
|------------|------|----------------|------|-------------|------|
| 1st Sat. | 4 50 | 5 55 | 8 30 | 6 01 | 0 50 |
| 2nd Sun. | 4 38 | 6 33 | 8 25 | 6 41 | 0 50 |
| 3rd Mon. | 4 27 | 6 22 | 8 20 | 7 23 | 0 50 |
| 4th Tues. | 4 15 | 6 10 | 8 15 | 8 09 | 0 50 |
| 5th Wed. | 4 04 | 6 00 | 8 10 | 8 53 | 0 50 |
| 6th Thurs. | 3 52 | 5 51 | 8 05 | 9 48 | 0 50 |
| 7 Fri. | 4 42 | 7 20 | 8 35 | 9 38 | 0 50 |

A Small Farm For Sale

Close to Trolley Line

I have for sale a very desirable small farm of about 65 acres, with new 2-room cottage in Middleboro. This place is very close to trolley and well situated. Fine spring of water. An excellent place for an early vegetable and poultry farm. Price \$3,750. Apply at once to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,
122 Bellevue Avenue,
Newport, R. I.

Deaths.

In this city, 28th ult., William I. Goldard, in his 64th year.

In this city, 28th ult., Theophilus F. Lake, in his 78th year.

In this city, 28th ult., at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. W. C. Paquette, 31 Green street, John O'Neill, in the 81st year of his age.

In this city, 28th ult., at her residence, 42 Everett street, Sarah B. Dennis, in her 80th year.

In this city, 28th ult., at her residence, 12 Harrison avenue, Catherine, wife of Michael E. Carter, and daughter of Annie and the late John McMahon.

In Portsmouth, 28th ult., Thomas B. Manroe, in his 74th year.

In So. Portsmouth, 28th ult., Constant W. Chase, in the 83rd year of his age.

In Providence, Rhode Island, April 28, William Binney, youngest son of the late Horace and Elizabeth Cox Binney of Philadelphia, aged eighty-four years.

At Cavite, Philippine Islands, 28th ult., Mary Gibbs, wife of Surgeon Lewis Morris, U. S. N., and daughter of the late Collector Thomas Murphy of New York.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE.

FOR DIZZINESS.

FOR BILIOUSNESS.

FOR TORPID LIVER.

FOR CONSTIPATION.

FOR SALLOW SKIN.

FOR THE COLIC.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

GRAND OLD MAN

OF VERMONT

Holbrook Answers Death's Summons at Age of Nine-y-Six

DEAN OF FORMER GOVERNORS

Was Chief Executive of Green Mountain State During Civil War and One of Lincoln's Closest Advisers—Equipped Many Regiments of Troops—Devised Plans for the Care of Injured Soldiers

Brattleboro, Vt., April 29.—Frederick Holbrook, former governor of Vermont, the oldest ex-governor in the country, and one of the last of the Civil war governors, died at his home here last night, aged 96 years.

Death was due to exhaustion, brought on by a recent attack of bronchitis. He retained his faculties to the last moment, and before he died gave his final instructions as to the disposition of his household affairs.

His death was so unexpected that time was not available to summon to the former governor's bedside his only living child, Franklin S. Holbrook of Boston.

Mr. Holbrook was one of the closest of President Lincoln's conferees among the state governors, and his advice at a personal interview was followed by the final call for troops which brought an end to the war.

Frederick Holbrook was born at Warehouses Point, Conn., Feb. 15, 1813. His parents were from Brattleboro, Vt., and they returned there in his infancy. His education was finished at Berkshire Gymnasium, Pittsfield, Mass.

In 1834 Holbrook married Miss Harriet Goodhue of Burlington. He had three children, but one of whom is now living.

His interest in embryonic military affairs led to his election as captain of the Floodwood Militia company at the age of 18 years, and the experience gained in this capacity proved of use in his later duties as governor during the Civil war.

Mr. Holbrook was a Republican in politics. As a member of this party he was elected to the Vermont senate in 1840-60, and was governor of the state in 1861-63. During his term as governor he floated \$1,500,000 of bonds at a premium, and equipped many regiments of troops.

His most notable act in office was to devise means for the care of injured soldiers, and it was through him that Vermont was the first state to provide hospitals for its soldiers.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A VOTE

Colorado Will Contribute That Amount Toward Campaign Expenses

Denver, April 28.—Governor Shafroth has signed the campaign expenses bill and the unique measure becomes a law in ninety days.

The bill provides that the state shall contribute for campaign expenses every two years 25 cents for each vote cast at the preceding general election, the sum to be divided among the political parties according to the vote cast by their respective candidates for governor.

FAMINE DRAWS NEAR

Earthquake Has Made Twelve Thousand Portuguese Homeless

Lisbon, April 27.—Official figures give 12,000 homeless persons as a result of the recent earthquake. They are camping on the Couride and, despite the efforts of the authorities, are beginning to feel the pinch of famine.

In addition to hunger, hundreds are suffering from serious injuries, which the physicians have not as yet been able to attend to.

Good Will Toward Veterans

Washington, April 29.—Any possible doubt as to President Taft's attitude towards the veterans of the Spanish-American war was removed when, in a letter written to Commander Rausch of the Department of the District of Columbia, U. S. W. V., he expressed the utmost good will and highest appreciation of the work performed by that body of men in the late conflict with Spain.

Loved Art More Than Life

Denver, April 29.—Herman Linde, an art instructor who came from New York in 1906 and said he possessed art works valued at \$500,000 stored in New York, is dead. Linde refused all offers to purchase his paintings, it is said, and he died in poverty as to necessities of life.

Aged Woman Burned to Death

Saco, Me., April 26.—Mrs. Anna Scamman was found burned to death in the ruins of her home, where she had lived alone. She was 82 years old. It is supposed that the fire was due to the explosion of a kerosene lamp. The loss on the building is \$6000.

Boston Priest Honored

Rome, April 30.—At the consistory Thursday the pope announced the appointment of Rt. Rev. Joseph G. Anderson, vicar general of the archdiocese of Boston, as titular bishop of Myrina and auxiliary bishop of Boston.

Relatives of Oriel Pourtier, 45 years old, of Pittsfield, N. H., identified the body found floating in the Merrimack river at Haverhill, Mass., as that of Pourtier.

A public meeting to advance the interests of the project for "Boston, the Finest City in the World in 1915," was held at Boston.

LEGITIMATE HEIR ON THRONE

Mehmed V Is Proclaimed Ruler of Turkish Destinies

DEPOSITION OF ABDUL HAMID

Document Making It Effective—Recites Long List of Crimes by the "Great Assassin"—New Ruler Says He May Be Relieved Upon to Do His Best—Predecessor Glad to Escape With His Life

Constantinople, April 28.—The reign of Abdul Hamid II ended Tuesday with his deposition and the accession of his brother, Mehmed Reschad Effendi, as Mehmed V, a variation of "Mahomet," it being considered inappropriate to assume the precise name of the Prophet.



MEHMED V.

Mehmed V was the legitimate heir to the throne and the thirty-fifth sovereign of Turkey, in male descent, of the house of Osman, the founder of the empire, and the twenty-ninth sultan since the conquest of Constantinople.

The two houses of parliament, meeting as a national assembly in the forenoon, approved the decree of deposition, which was read by the Sheikh ul Islam, chief of the ulama and supreme judge on ecclesiastical questions.

The document recited that Abdul Hamid's acts were contrary to the sacred laws, and set forth a long list of crimes, the whole making a terrible indictment. The assembly chose Mohammed Reschad as sultan and appointed committees to notify the deposed sovereign and his successor of its action. The firing of 101 guns announced to the waiting people that a new sultan had been proclaimed.

The ceremonies connected with the transfer of the power were simple. The newly chosen ruler came from his palace in Galata through streets lined with troops and cheering thousands and took the oath at the war office. He then proceeded to the parliament and later went to the Topkapu palace to kiss the prophet's robe, returning to the Dolmabahce palace, where for so many years he had practically been a prisoner, as the head of the empire.

The Sheikh ul Islam, supported by all the principal personages of the higher church administration, issued the fetva, as the decree of deposition is called.

It informed Mehmed Reschad Effendi that he was chosen sultan by the will of the church, the will of the parliament, the will of the army and the will of the people. It admonished him to serve God and to keep the sacred law as communicated by the prophet. This Reschad humbly promised to do.

In receiving a deputation from the national assembly, Mehmed V said: "I am pleased to become the first constitutional sovereign. Doubtless my successor will improve upon me, but you may rely upon my doing my best. I also have suffered oppression and therefore enter into the feelings of my fellow sufferers. Let us endeavor to work together for the welfare of the country."

When the assembly deputation arrived at the Yildiz, the fetva was handed to Ali Djavad Bey, first secretary, for communication to Abdul Hamid, who, in an inner apartment, was guarded by fifteen eunuchs. Djavad Bey tried to gain admittance by knocking, and after this was continued for some fifteen minutes the door was opened and Abdul Hamid appeared. He accepted the fetva without comment.

The deputation was then ushered into his presence, and the spokesman said: "You no longer reign over us." Abdul Hamid gave a deep sigh of relief upon being informed that no designs were entertained against his life. He was transported across the Bosphorus to Asiatic Turkey as a prisoner.

Abdul Hamid a Prisoner
Constantinople, April 29.—The former ruler of the empire, Abdul Hamid II, is to be kept a prisoner in a large house with walled grounds on a slight overlooking Saloniki, which has lately been occupied by the Italian commander of the international gen armée.

He is not to be put on trial, for he is considered to be above the law. It was thought wise to keep the deposed sultan in European Turkey, remote from the capital. His household will be administered for him upon a generous scale and his life will be safeguarded, as he earnestly besought when notified of his dethronement. Abdul Hamid, with four wives, five daughters and two of his younger

sons, two eunuchs and a comparatively large number of female servants, was taken from the Yildiz palace Tuesday night and started under an escort to Saloniki. The party proceeded by steam launches to the landing near the railway, and a special train, on which they were placed, left at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Wholesale Execution of Conspirators

Constantinople, April 30.—The Constitutionalists have lost no time in bringing the conspirators in the recent rising to trial. The military court, sitting in the war office, condemned about 250 prisoners to death and they were executed.

Nadir Pasha, the second eunuch of the palace, under the regime of Abdul Hamid, was hanged on the Galata bridge, the great thoroughfare that connects Stamboul with the quarters of Galata and Pera. The body was allowed to swing many hours.

Several thousands of the people stopped to look at the great Nubian whose name was a terror under Abdul Hamid. The dead man's face showed an undershot jaw and thick, heavy lips. In life he had been fully six feet four inches tall.

Nadir was executed after a trial by court-martial, on the charge that he instigated the mutiny of the troops on April 13. He was reputed to be intensely ambitious, subtle-minded and impetuous to the suffering of others. Nadir Pasha came to the imperial palace as a slave and grew up in that holocaust of intrigue.

It is alleged that the chief authors of the recent mutiny were Abdul Hamid's favorite son, Prince Mehmed Edine, Rear Admiral Said Pasha, son of Kiamil Pasha, the former grand vizier, and Nadir Pasha, who was engaged for a long time prior to the rising in corrupting the troops. The two former have fled.

STOCK COMPANY TO PROTECT VICE

Grand Jury to Investigate a Serious Allegation

Chicago, April 27.—Investigation of an allegation that vice in the Tenderloin district of Chicago is protected by a ring composed of two aldermen, two resort keepers and a high police official, all of whom are said to have formed a stock company for the purpose, has begun by State Attorney Wayman.

Money for protection is alleged to be collected weekly by a leader of the ring, who employs several assistants. A "Red Light" district is said to contribute.

Information concerning the "vice trust" will be presented to the grand jury.

MARCHING ON TO TABRIZ

Russian Vanguard Overcomes Opposition of Shah's Followers

St. Petersburg, April 30.—The Russian column now on its way to the relief of Tabriz has passed Daradiz defile, where it was held back for a time by small bands of the shah's followers, and is rapidly pushing towards the beleaguered city. The main body is some distance back of the vanguard.

Although the futility of opposing the advance has been strongly impressed upon the shah he apparently has failed to instruct the provincial authorities as to their attitude towards the expedition, and it may be that the Russian troops will have to resort to energetic measures.

Real Daughter of Revolution

Quincy, Mass., April 30.—Mrs. Emily P. Collins, a daughter of the Revolution, an army nurse during the Civil war and one of the original women's suffrage champions of the country, died at her home here, aged 94 years. She was born in Bristol, N. Y., the daughter of James Hambley, who served with General George Washington.

Takes Poison and Repents
Boston, April 30.—James O. Bugbee, a professional nurse, took poison with suicidal intent, then repented his act and telephoned for an ambulance. When the ambulance arrived at his lodgings the erstwhile suicide was sitting on the front steps awaiting the vehicle. He will recover.

EVELYN THAW FINED \$250

Must Quickly Settle or Go to Prison For Contempt of Court

New York, April 30.—Failure to appear in court to submit to examination in supplementary proceedings caused Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw to be adjudged in contempt of court by Justice McAvoy. She was sentenced to a fine of \$250, which she must pay within five days or suffer imprisonment.

The court also granted an order for the appointment of a receiver for the property of Mrs. Thaw. McAvoy's action is the outcome of a judgment for \$256, obtained against Mrs. Thaw by Elise L. Hartwig, a milliner here.

No Mercy Shown Embezzler

Havana, April 28.—Miguel de Latorre, the former treasurer of the fiscal zone of Havana, charged with the embezzlement of nearly \$200,000 from the treasury funds, was sentenced to fourteen years and eight months imprisonment. He must also make restitution of the stolen funds.

Lake Steamer Sunk

Detroit, April 30.—A dispatch from Seattle Ste Marie reports the sinking of an unknown steamer in Whitefish bay. Captain Royce of the steamer George W. Peavy reported that the crew of the sinking steamer were seen walking over the ice to another vessel which had also been caught in the ice.

QUIET PREVAILS IN ASIA MINOR

Reassuring News From Women Missionaries In Hadjin

STOOD SIEGE FOR MANY DAYS

Arrival of Troops Saves Refugees From Swords of Moslems—New Governor, General of Adana Ordered to Take Energetic Measures to Restore Order and Relieve Sufferers—Quiet Is Now Said to Prevail

Constantinople, April 30.—A welcome message was received from the town of Hadjin, in the province of Adana, where five American women missionaries have been alone with thousands of refugees who sought safety there from bands of savage Moslems seeking to put them to the sword.

Hadjin has stood a siege for the past eight days, and the missionaries have been sending out frantic appeals for help. A message reached here from Miss Lambert, the daughter of Bishop Lambert, timed 10:22 a. m., Thursday, which said:

"With the arrival of the troops, the disorders in and about the city have ceased and we are all safe and well."

The Turkish cabinet has taken up the consideration of the situation in Adana and the neighboring districts. The new governor-general, Mustafa Zihni, is due to arrive at the town of Adana today. He has been instructed to take the most energetic measures to re-establish order and to relieve the sufferers.

Adil Bey, permanent under-secretary of state in the ministry of the interior, says that the government will make a searching investigation into the cause of the disorders and punish the instigators.

Reports received at the ministry of the interior indicate that quiet now prevails everywhere. Asked particularly about Hadjin, Adil Bey said that as orders had been issued for troops to proceed wherever needed, he assumed that a force was already on its way from Mersin to Hadjin, or had arrived there. This was prior to the receipt of Miss Lambert's message.

The secretary said further that the government recognized the necessity of providing food, medicines and shelter for the sufferers, and had taken steps to provide these and to inaugurate other measures of relief. In reply as to what connection existed between the massacres and the political events in Constantinople Adil Bey replied that that, too, was being investigated.

Thousands Are Starving

Deloit, April 30.—The telegraph lines are interrupted, and little news was received here from the districts where the terrible disorders have prevailed for the past two weeks.

Although an enormous number of refugees have reached Lalakia, the governor, who has been getting troops together, claims that he is perfectly able to protect the city. This is doubtful, particularly if the British warships there should be withdrawn.

Refugees are flocking to all the cities and it is imperative that they receive aid, for thousands are starving.

THREE THOUSAND IDLE

Strike of Canadian Miners Results in Shortage of Coal

Winnipeg, Man., April 30.—The coal strike situation in western Canada is growing more serious. The only districts where coal is being mined is at Fernie and Michel, controlled by the Great Northern railway.

Three thousand miners are now idle. Many towns are suffering from coal shortage. Not in ten years have there been so many idle trainmen.

Taft Praised Grant

Philadelphia, April 28.—President Taft was the principal speaker at the Grant birthday dinner of the Union League in this city and paid a striking tribute to the soldier-president. He took advantage of the opportunity to express anew his admiration for General Grant as a man, as a soldier and as chief executive of the United States.

Heinrich, Conried Dead

Merau, Austria, April 27.—Heinrich Conried, former director of the Metropolitan opera house in New York, who suffered an apoplectic stroke several days ago, died here this morning.

Brokers Petitioned Into Bankruptcy

Boston, April 27.—The brokerage firm of M. C. Harard & Co., which assigned last week, was petitioned into bankruptcy by three creditors. The firm had no membership on any exchange.

Imitation Beer Bill Killed

Nashville, April 28.—The bill providing for the manufacture and sale of imitation beer containing not over 2 percent of alcohol was killed on second reading in the senate.

"Heroines" Get Badges

London, April 30.—The women suffragists last night were the guests of the English suffragettes at a grand rally. The feature of this gathering was the presentation of special badges to each of the 160 women sitting on the platform who suffered imprisonment "for cause."

Banker Convicted of Larceny

Cleveland, April 29.—Henry W. Gazell, formerly secretary and treasurer of the Farmers' and Merchants' Banking company, which failed here at a loss of \$150,000 to the depositors, was found guilty of larceny.

RAN DOWN A BOY

Reckless Chauffeur Charged With Murder in First Degree

New York, April 30.—William Daragh, the chauffeur who ran down and killed Ingvard Trimble, aged 13, son of a prominent attorney of Covington, Ky., was indicted by the grand jury for murder in the first degree. Daragh speeded away after running young Trimble down and fled to Texas, where, after several weeks, he was arrested by detectives sent from New York and brought back to face trial.

The indictment is believed to be the first of its kind ever handed down by the grand jury of New York county for alleged reckless automobile driving. It was urged, among other things, that Daragh stopped after running down the boy, and rushed him to some hospital in his car, death might not have resulted.

WEATHER OUT OF JOINT

Storm Plays Funny Pranks in Many Parts of Country

Washington, April 30.—The country at large was treated to as complete an assortment of weather yesterday as could be asked for. Snow, thunder, showers, tornadoes, sleet storms and fair weather prevailed in various sections of the country.

The storm centre was at St. Louis during the greater part of the day, making little eastern progress. It played funny pranks, dealing out a snow storm here and a thunder shower there. Very nearly all of the cities in the northern half of the country had rain or snow. Providence, Albany, Hartford, Worcester and Block Island getting snow last night, while New York, Scranton, Buffalo and Cleveland got thunder and lightning.

FOR FRAUDULENT WEIGHING OF SUGAR

Over \$2,134,000 Paid into the United States Treasury

New York, April 30.—The American Sugar Refining company of New Jersey and the New York corporation of the same name paid into the treasury of the United States \$2,134,000 Thursday, completing a payment aggregating over \$2,134,000 in settlement of all civil claims arising out of the fraudulent weighing of sugar on the docks of refineries in Brooklyn and Jersey City.

According to the terms of the settlement, the companies pay in full the judgment of \$134,000 awarded the government in the case tried in March and pay also the sum of \$2,000,000 more, representing duties which have been unpaid during the past twelve years as a result of the fraudulent weighing. The companies further agree to give up their rights of appeal. The settlement was made upon the advice of the companies' lawyers, who say that the settlement seemed wise because the government threatened otherwise to bring further suits for amounts reaching nearly \$9,000,000.

Drawn Under Train by Suction

Melrose, Mass., April 28.—The powerful suction caused by a rapidly moving express train drew Max Landy, 17 years old, beneath the train wheels, where he was killed. Landy was a student at Melrose high school and a prominent athlete.

CURED ITCHING PAINFUL HUMOR

Which had Spread Over Face, Body and Arms—Swellings were as Large as a Dollar—When they Broke, Sores would Not Heal—Suffered 3 Years.

MADE SOUND AND WELL BY 3 SETS OF CUTICURA

"My trouble began about three years ago with little black swellings scattered over my face and neck. They would disappear but they would leave little black scars that would itch at times so I couldn't keep from scratching them. Larger swellings would appear in the same place and they were so painful I could hardly bear it and my clothes would stick to the sores. The first doctor I went to said the disease was scrofula, but the trouble only got worse and spread. By this time it was all over my arms and the upper part of my body in big swellings as large as a dollar. It was so painful that I could not bear to lie on my back at night. The second doctor pronounced my disease inflammation of the lymphatic glands. He stopped the swellings, but when they would break the places would not heal. He tried everything that he could but to no effect. He said I might be cured but it would take a long time. I bought a set of the Cuticura Remedies and used them according to directions and in less than a week some of the places were nearly well. I continued with the Cuticura. By this time I had used three sets, and now I am sound and well. The disease lasted three years from the time it commenced until I was cured. Before Christmas something broke out on my seven year old brother's hands in the form of large sores. I tried everything I could think of but to no effect until I happened to think of Cuticura and one application cured him. Also, not long ago, my sister got a bad burn on her ankle. I have been using Cuticura on that and it gave her scarcely any trouble. O. L. Wilson, Puryear, Tenn., Feb. 8, 1908."

Warm baths with Cuticura Soap, gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment and mild doses of Cuticura Pills, afford immediate relief and point to a speedy cure of torturing, disfiguring humors of the skin, scalp and blood of infants, children and adults, when all else fails. Cuticura Soap (25c) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c) to Treat the Itch and Cuticura Pills (50c) to Purify the Blood. Complete directions for the use of Cuticura are printed on the wrapper of each box. Sold everywhere. The World, Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., New York. Send for Free Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

Money Deposited

On or before May 15th in our Participation Account draws interest from May 1st

UNDER THE SAME LAWS

The Investments of Savings Banks and Trust Companies are now under the same laws and restrictions. With a Capital and Surplus of over \$6,000,000 We solicit your business.

Industrial Trust Company,

Office with
NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY
Newport Branch.

Grand Easter Display

IN MILLINERY

SCHREIER'S,

143 Thames Street

Every Department Fully Stocked With

CHOICE NOVELTIES.

Our Trimmed Hats

A MARVEL OF BEAUTY.

Specialties in Children's Hats.

SCHREIER'S,

The Leading House for Millinery.

"IT'S ALL IN THE SHREDS"

OUR SUPPLY OF

SHREDED WHEAT BISCUITS

no favorite breakfast cereal, is always fresh. We carry no stale stocks of anything.

S. S. THOMPSON.

We Give More Wood and Better Wood for the Money than any other local dealer.

4 Barrels of **Virginia Pine** For \$1 00

This is a clean, uniform, dry kindling.

OAK, HICKORY, MAPLE, PINE, CEDAR.

Cut any size.

Newport COAL Company

PHONE 222 opp. Post Office

"Weights Guaranteed."

CHAFING DISHES

With an ALCOHOL Lamp
you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY
you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the **ELECTRIC** kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

Cleveland House

27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

Rates, \$2.00 Per Day.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

Apply to
2-3 CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.

PERRY HOUSE,

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Under entirely new management. Newly furnished suites with bath up to date. Rates, \$5 up. Special Rates by the Week. J. H. WISWELL, Proprietor.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Doublet's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—5:30 p. m.

Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,
Real Estate Agent

In the Arena.

By Rev. Bradley Gilman.

In the second century of the Christian era, Hadrian, the proud emperor of Rome, was constructing his famous baths; their huge ruins are to be seen today by the visitor to the Eternal City. The bricks of which they are partly built were moulded and burned at a small town ten miles outside the wall, and one of the workmen who helped make these bricks was Malchus, who had a little son, Optimus, a fat little twelve-year-old. The father was away in the brickfield through the day, and his mother had died several years before, so that Optimus was much alone at the little hut on the hillside, and his father made for him many toys, many little brick animals, moulded out of clay, and burnt hard in the fire. With these he played hour after hour, and there was Caper, the pet goat, frisking and frolicking, leading Optimus a merry chase over the fields, or drawing his young master in a rough cart with a straw harness.

One day the father, Malchus, brought home a new thing for the boy. It was a little lion cub, brown, clumsy, long-haired, and as full of fun as a puppy. Some Numidian trader, conducting a caravan to Rome, had brought home panthers and jackals for the amphitheatre. On the way a lioness, mother of this cub, had died, and Malchus had begged the little, clumsy creature as a pet for Optimus.

So the two, boy and cub, became devoted friends, and ate and slept together. Caper, the goat, was at first much alarmed by the stranger, but soon grew familiar with him, and the three played like three children.

The name which naturally suggested itself for the cub was "Leo," and "Leo" he was called. He soon learned too, at just what hours to expect, at the hand of his young master, a bowl of warm goat's milk. Optimus also taught him several tricks, as he would have taught a young dog. He taught him to fetch and carry, and to walk on his hind legs, though Leo did not much like that.

Thus Optimus and Leo became firm friends. When the boy gave a certain peculiar whistle, Leo, wherever he might be, came leaping to find him; and his brown face, with its red rolling tongue, seemed actually to be expanding into a smile of joyful greeting.

But young lions grow faster than do boys. When Optimus was twelve, Leo was only a shapely little furry mousie. But when Optimus had reached the age of fourteen, Leo had grown into a powerful young lion, of equal weight with the boy, and of far greater strength; yet he still obeyed his young master's every command, and he loved especially to have the child sleep with his head on his neck, where the tuff of his great tawny mane were beginning to appear.

Another year went by; Optimus was fifteen years old, and his playmate Leo had reached almost his full size. His mane had grown into a great shaggy collar, his nostrils had broadened, his eyes had a deep amber tint. He cared very little for Malchus, but Optimus he fondly loved; and he often rubbed against him, purring like a great house cat and nearly throwing the laughing lad down, and sometimes, in his affection, he licked the boy's face until, as he grew older, his tongue became rough, and the boy bade him desist; and then, instead, he rubbed his cold velvet nose on his young master's hand.

Leo was a strange pet; and most people considered him dangerous. Up to this time the carnivorous creature had never, to his young master's knowledge, tasted raw flesh; he had eaten only milk and the grains, and occasionally a piece of well-cooked mutton had been given him.

People, however, predicted all manner of disaster if the great animal were allowed to remain at large; they even threatened to come in a crowd and kill him. So Optimus one night fastened Leo by a leather strap and a rope. The huge fellow seemed at first hardly to understand such an act. The next morning when Optimus at dawn hastened to set the captive free, he found only the broken pieces of the strap and rope. Leo had snapped them like thread. The mighty strength which he had curbed in his plays with his young master he had now put forth, freed himself, and was gone.

Optimus wept hot tears of grief; but Malchus, his father, was not wholly regretful at the animal's departure. He had become more and more anxious, during the past year, lest some sudden fury might break out in the animal; he could not share the boy's confidence in his pet. Optimus often mourned in secret, and many a night cried himself to sleep.

Four years went by, and Optimus was now a man in strength, and was known as an upright member of the little band of Christians, who had fled out into the Campagna, each Lord's Day, and one by one gazed down the broken ravine into the catacombs, and there worshipped the true God, and sang hymns, in low voices, in honor of Christ the Nazarene.

The season of Christmas, in the year 327 A. D., was now close at hand, and Optimus had planned to spend the sacred festival in Rome. He had friends there, Christians like himself, and word had secretly gone forth among the faithful that at this Christmas-tide Polycarp, the aged bishop of Smyrna, would meet a company of the Christians in a certain house in the city.

Accordingly Optimus, carrying on his strong shoulders some leather bottles of milk, and leading two kids by strings, as offerings for the feast of Christmas, walked the ten miles to Rome, on Christmas Eve, and found a warm reception at his friend's humble home.

The Christians had planned to meet early the next morning, Christmas, at the house of one of their number in an obscure part of the city, and there listen to words of counsel from the good bishop and to bear tidings of the brethren in Asia Minor. But a dreadful blow fell upon them. Somebody must have betrayed them; for, as Optimus with his friends knocked at the barred door of the house appointed and whispered softly the phrase agreed upon, "Christ is born," they did not receive the expected reply, but, instead, the door quickly opened, and armed soldiers concealed there dragged them within, and, stupefied with surprise and fear, they were thrust into a room where ten or twelve others with familiar faces sat cowering in silence and dread.

Other Christian brethren were expected; the trap had been set for more; but none came, and an hour later the feeble little company were chained to the walls and were hurried away to the Mamertine prison.

An hour later, a harsh voice spoke to them through the iron grating of their dungeon. "Prepare yourselves! When the dial this day casts no shadow,

you go into the amphitheatre."

And the same electric voice added scornfully: "Call upon your God! Perhaps he will deliver you."

The low sobs were heard through the darkness of the dungeon, and lowing snarls were clapped around their forms which soon would be torn by jaws of wild beasts. The hours passed quickly, and at the time named the brutal jailer returned and drove the Christians before him like sheep, along winding passages, armed soldiers guarding them, but for a few moments into the sweet sunshine of heaven, then again underground and through more winding galleries. Now they could hear the subdued growls and mutterings of savage beasts and knew that the end was near. In a few moments they heard the distant whirr of a trumpet and with commands and orders they were thrust out through the grating of a door, and found them selves in the sandal arena, gazed at by hundreds of curious, careless, cruel spectators.

They clung together, and most of them knelt in prayer. Then some heavy grating at the other side of the arena were flung open, and the spotted form of a leopard glided forth, then another, and after him several jackals and two yellow and brown tigers; next a lordly lion, monarch of the forest, and after him the little, dark body of a panther that went creeping around the sides of the arena, under the high wall, flicking his jaws like a hungry cat.

Optimus hardly heard the savage laughter; he stood apart, and felt that his hour was come. Then he saw the great lion stealing toward him, as toward his chosen prey; his tuffed tail lashed his sides and swept the sand as he crouched for a spring. The youth breathed a prayer, and waited. Then a strange thing happened. The lordly creature rose to his feet, lifted his massive head high in the air, and sent forth a mighty roar from his cavernous throat. Something in the great creature's action made the youth start. One glance of quick scrutiny at that great brown face and those deep saffron eyes—and Optimus felt his heart thrill, for he believed that he recognized his old playmate, Leo.

The galleries were silent now in wonder. Optimus took one step toward the great lion and smiled, and spoke the word "Leo!" in the low, caressing tone of old. A murmur of perplexity ran around the amphitheatre. This was a new sensation for those fabled spectators—a youth smiling and walking straight to his death!

Then Optimus saw those savage eyes soften and those tense muscles relax, and knew for a certainty that the tawny friend of his boyhood was before him. Another step forward, once more the caressing word "Leo," and then he raised his right hand as of old, with its two fingers making the sign of the cross. The starting multitude saw the sign made. It was familiar to all; but why made thus by that youth in that bloodstained arena, in the face of a savage lion who had not tasted food for three days?

Optimus gave the familiar sign, trembling with hope and fear, and with yearning love for his old companion; and, lo! at that sign Leo bent his massive paws and bowed his mighty head, and knelt at his young master's feet.

"A miracle! A miracle!" shouted a thousand voices, and Leo growled angrily at the sudden outburst. But the old affection triumphed, and Rome that day saw what was indeed a miracle, and is always earth's greatest miracle, the conquest of brute appetite and instinct by gentle, generous love. When the seditious rose and motioned for silence, and called to him across the bloody sand that his life was spared, since the gods seemingly willed it, the youth stepped slowly backward, and passed safely through the dark gateway, and went forth a free man. And they say that all the spectators in that assembly departed that day in solemn silence, feeling that they had been in the presence of some mighty and mysterious power; and many of them afterward joined the despised sect of the Nazarenes.—Christian Register.

No More Cradles.

"A cradle?" said the salesman. "Oh, no! You don't want a cradle."

He smiled.

"First kid, ain't it?"

"Yes," admitted the young father, frowning.

"I knew you weren't experienced, or you wouldn't ask for a cradle," said the salesman. "You see they're gone altogether but I've got a new one."

"Why did they go out?"

"Because they're unhealthy, bad for the kid. They lower the temperature, hurt the heart and bring on nervous colic, regular constipation. It stands to reason that the violent rocking of a cradle can't be good for frail little baby any more than the violent rocking of a ship in a storm is good for the passengers. Moreover, they keep somebody busy rocking the baby to sleep. Now the baby goes to sleep of its own accord."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mixed Ownership.

A countryman, having been summoned to appear before the magistrate for not having a sign on his cart, was in due course brought before him. The magistrate asked him if he had anything to say for himself, and he replied that he had a difficult question to ask which he could not solve himself.

"The question is this," he said. "The wheels of the cart belonged to John the miller, and the body of the cart belongs to the vicar, and the bag of old bones (meaning the horse) belongs to me. Now, gentlemen, if you can tell me what name I can put on it I will have it done immediately."

He Came Back Hard.

"That boy," said the Billville farmer, "beats my time! Just now when I quoted Scripture to him he came back at me hard!"

"You don't say!"

"Shore! I told him to git a hoe and feller the furrow. 'That's gold in the land,' I said. 'An' what do you reckon he made answer?'"

"You tell it."

"Father, he says, 'I don't keer for the gold of this here world. I've laid up treasure in heaven!'"—Atlanta Constitution.

"What, pa?"

"That's it."

"Can a Plymouth Rock hen join the Daughters of the Revolution?"

"Why, pa?"

"That's it."

"Can a Plymouth Rock hen join the Daughters of the Revolution?"

"Why, pa?"

"That's it."

"Can a Plymouth Rock hen join the Daughters of the Revolution?"

"Why, pa?"

"That's it."

The Penhatcheys' Girl.

"Pick out a girl that looks good and strong," said Mrs. Penhatchey when her husband was leaving for town in the morning. "Don't get one that will be sick half the time, as Hilma was."

"You forget, my dear," said Penhatchey mildly, as he drew up his gloves. "That, although Hilma was sick half the time, we had her valuable services at the gas range the other half of the time. That beats nobody at all, doesn't it?"

"And be certain to have her out here by eleven o'clock. I may see something in the advertisements that I will want to go down town for and I can't sit around here all day waiting for a girl to come."

Having accomplished his mission at the intelligence office and directed the chosen maid to depart immediately for the Penhatchey flat, even advancing her fare with the laudable intention of speeding her on her unfamiliar way, Penhatchey was indulging in repeated dreams of the dinner she had secured him as he was able to prepare, when the telephone rang and he found his wife on the other end of the line.

"Where on earth is that girl you were going to send out to me?" she demanded. "Here it is nearly half past ten and I haven't seen a sign of her."

"She ought to have been there long ago," said Penhatchey. "But you know you told me to have her there by eleven. I believe I mentioned that hour to her. She'll be there all right," he added consolingly.

"Yes, but I won't," said his wife, sharply. "I got a telephone message at half past nine that mother was down sick with a cold and wanted me to come over here. So, of course, I came over."

Penhatchey grew cold as vicious of the perfect dinner faded away.

"Where are you now?" he demanded.

"Aren't you at the flat?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Penhatchey. "I'm over at mother's. I waited until ten o'clock and then I looked up the house and put the key under the doormat. The girl can get in if she has any sense."

Her husband groaned. "How on earth is she going to know the key is under the mat?" he demanded.

"She may be out there, now, sitting on the steps. Don't you realize that we may lose her?" She won't wait around there all day. "She looked to me like just the sort of girl we've been hunting for."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked his wife, sweetly.

"You surely don't expect me to leave mother with nobody but Brother Jack and the girls and the servants to look after her, do you?"

Penhatchey breathed hard.

"You stay where you are," he shouted into the phone. "I'll jump into a taxicab and get right out to the flat and let that girl in. I wouldn't lose her now for anything."

"Whatever you think best, dear," said his wife, submissively. "But don't blame me if she telephones for a moving van during the day and has all our furniture carted away to some warehouse."

Penhatchey hung up the receiver with a bang and dashed into the street to summon a taxicab, donning his hat and overcoat as he went. There was a cab in sight as he reached the street, and in another moment he was tearing toward his distant home, clicking off dimes and quarters on the fare register with startling rapidity.

He had his head out of the window when the cab turned his corner, but no welcome sight of a waiting maid greeted his eyes when the steps leading his flat came into view.

"She's gone!" he muttered as he jumped from the cab and hurried into the hallway.

The key was under the mat, but as he inserted it in the lock he hesitated. The girl could not be in the house with the key outside, and if she were not there what object would he have in going in? It would be simply a waste of time, he decided. Tucking the key into his pocket he slowly climbed into the cab again and bowed back to the office, plunged to bitter thoughts.

"That's the way with a woman," he snarled as he slammed into his office. "Just when you get everything fixed right they break in with some unlooked-for proposition and spoil everything."

Just Mrs. Penhatchey on the telephone an hour or two later when his penhatchey cooled sufficiently to permit of his conversing with the light of his life in his usual manner. She was still on guard at her mother's bedside.

"You'd better come down town and meet me about dinner time," he said, "and we'll dine together. That girl went out there, I suppose, and then continued on her way when she found no body at home."

"Why can't you come up to mother's to dinner?" asked Mrs. Penhatchey sweetly.

"No, not for mine!" announced her husband decidedly. "I've had enough to try my temper today without trying to eat in a house where somebody is sick, with everybody waiting on 'em. Your mother can spare you for the rest of the evening and we might as well add to the expense of a dinner down town to my cab bill. I'm not going to that empty flat—I want something good to eat for a change."

The dinner was a success, the check was \$3.40, the tip was forty cents and Penhatchey was at peace with all the world when they rode home on the elevated. Mrs. Penhatchey's spirits rose as she felt assured that they would get a maid next day who would be eminently satisfactory.

"I don't care whether we do or not, to tell the truth," said her husband, opening the door of the flat. "We can scratch along somehow for a few days."

He was interrupted by a scream from his wife, who had spied a giant female figure striding toward them from the rear of the flat.

"Good evening!" said the figure. "I thought yees were never comin' home, so I had me dinner."

"It's the girl!" gasped Penhatchey.

"How did you get in?" demanded Mrs. Penhatchey.

"Sure, the back door was open an' I walked in," said the nonchalant stranger; "ye wouldn't have me sittin' outside the door all day, would ye?"

Mrs. Penhatchey looked at her husband and thought she detected a malicious gleam in his eye.

"Very well," she said, stiffly, to her new servant. "We won't need any thing else this evening. What is your name?"—Chicago News.

Nan—"Haw Harry proposed yet?"

Fan—"Partly. He brought up the subject of divorce when he called the other evening."—Chicago Tribune.

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A Telephone Talk That Must Have Had a Queer Sequel.

McCarthy has a fondness for a joke. If a really glittering opportunity turns up, his well-controlled conscience is no obstacle to his devoting all the time necessary to the thorough and artistic performance of his jokester, which is bad for business, but seems to be good for McCarthy's digestion.

The other afternoon the telephone rang. A woman was on the wire. She had the wrong number, which made no difference to McCarthy. He was in need of relaxation, and the following one-sided conversation ensued:

"Yes—yes, this is Humphrey-umphe-teen-seven Rectory."

"Who? Mr. Johnson? Oh, yes, Mr. Johnson—sure," he lied pleasantly. "Did you want to speak to him?" inquired McCarthy sweetly.

"You're sure it's Johnson you want to talk to?"

Here McCarthy held his hand over the mouthpiece and forcibly admonished the office boy, who, with humane intentions, had come to rescue the switchboard, suspecting trouble.

"Q'was now! I'm doing this," remarked McCarthy, fixing the mental with an eagle eye.

"Could you give me the message, ma'am, and I'll deliver it to Mr. Johnson?" he resumed with engaging politeness.

"Oh, you must speak to him personally if he is busy?" McCarthy's voice was an interrogation point.

"You want Mr. Johnson himself to step to the telephone, and you are Mrs. Johnson?"

"Well, ma'am, you see he ain't stepping much now—that is, I mean—he is well—er—er." He hesitated in elaborate conclusion.

"Yes, I am explaining what's the matter. He—well, you see, your husband would be willing to come to the telephone, but he isn't exactly able."

"No, he's not just what you'd call busy."

"No, he's not ill. He's doing nicely."

"We have 'im on the lounge, in the directors' room, and we're doing all we can for him."

"Oh, no, ma'am, you needn't be at all alarmed. He's not able to walk yet, but we'll soon have him all right."

"No, no—not ill. I say he's not ill; he's dr—dr—dr, intoxicated, ma'am, but you needn't—What's that?"

"You've never seen him intoxicated—well, you ought to see him now. What?"

"Q'—ill?"

"Oh, she's running off."

"Now, when in the deuce—who'd yer spouse Mr. Johnson is, and what'd yer spouse will be, could be to him when he gets home? Oh, gee! And McCarthy gurgled with joy as he swung back into his seat, and his typewriter clicked innocently out upon the office atmosphere.—New York Press.

Pearls of Thought.

Take time by the forelock.—Swift.

A light heart lives long.—Shakespeare.

Be wise today; 'tis madness to defer.—Young.

Arms and laws do not flourish together.—Cicero.

